

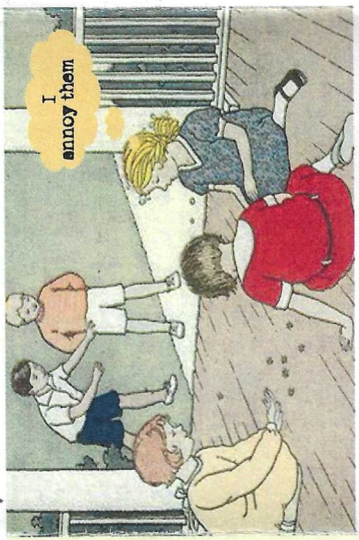
# Hotel Duorumment

A series of unfortunate events was closer to my heart than anything else I'd ever read. The despair and sorrow strangely made me feel welcome. In a world of pink, I had found something else that was blue. I thought if these characters who have real problems can carry on then so could I.

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I loved to read books because they gave me friends and made me feel less alone in my pain. Atleast when they were upset I understood why.



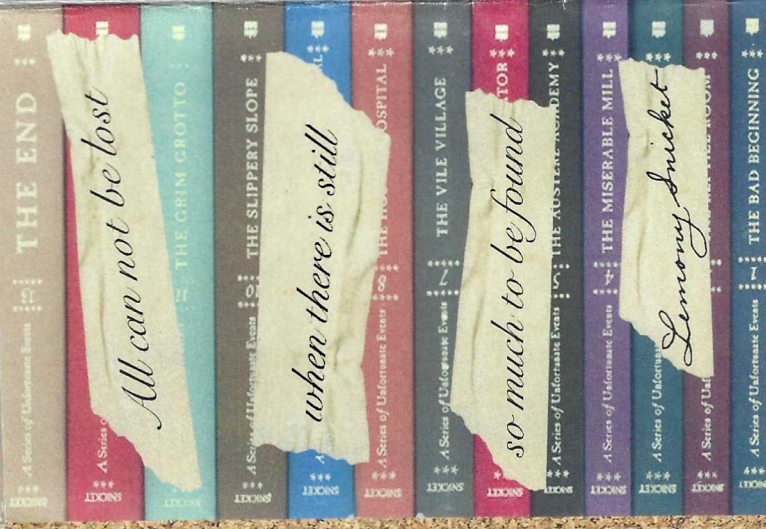
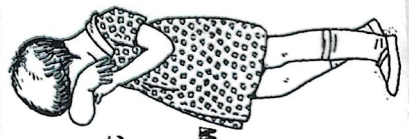
I annoy them

I was nervous about everything, I was terrified of getting in trouble



My teachers called it being mature for my age, I called it bullshit.

As I child I frequently felt sad for no discernable reason. One minute I would be laughing with my friends and the next there would be an invisible wall around me and continuing on like it wasn't there made it worse. My heart felt heavy, my head too full, my voice would leave me. I would get angry because I had two parents who loved me and a nice house. Not everyone in my school had these things. I didn't have the right to be sad. When I told my friends I didn't know what was wrong they assumed I was lying. I wasn't.



Lemony snicket doesn't hide ugly truths, he teaches you how to survive them

# THE ZOETIC ZINE



By: THE MADMAN UNDERGROUND

To: Evan Nave  
From: Amanda Trimble  
File under: prose, literacy, zines, creative writing, etc 1/2.  
cc: Bradley University